LOVE YOUR OWN LAND

ve been a wanderer the o,
Oft by land and oft by sea
East to west where'er I turn'd,
Dear home my heart would beat for
thee,
I though of days of sunny childhood,
When by Banna's banks I strayed
I though of meadows & of wild wood
Of ruined abbey where we prryed,

CHORUS—

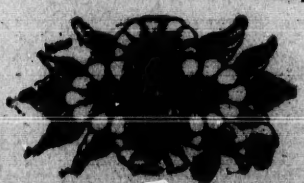
Love your own land love no other,
Natur crowned her beauty's queen
Prize no other land above her
Love your own dear Isle so green,

Can you equal famed Killarney
Whose fame resounds from shore to
Shore
Or can you equal Castle Blarney,
Whose wal's these Lakes are tower, over
Match me fam'd o'd Slievenamon then
Whose heath crownd head to heaven
Does, stand
Or can you equal Derrynane men
The birth place of Immortal Dan

There's Clifton up in Connemara
From whose shores I've crossed the sea
Match me wild historic T A R A
In pomp and pride of former day,
Or equal Wicklows Glendalough then
The Churches bleo that heavenly scene
Parallel Wexford & New Ross Main
Can you equal Skibbereen

Theres Limerick 'eye' and Tipperary,
Or can you equal Garryowen
If from these you wish Vary
Take Irelands centre sweet Athlone
Thon river of majestic Beauty,
The name o Shannon bear Away
In wild career to embrace the Ocean
Tho crossd was never stopt in away

Theres Bray & Howth pur plays de
nder,
Whose strength shall ebe & tide can chaf
But if the blood tide you should'er ter
Your sur to meet with wild Clontarf
Upon whose plains as history stated,
The proud Invader he was slew,
And the Danes tho were defeated,
By that Monarch Brian Boroihme,



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